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QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

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to the Business Manager.

ATLETIC affairs always demand a large share of attention from the A.M.S., and this session has been no exception to the rule. The controversy regarding football matters last term, though a misfortune at the time, has borne good fruit, and the manner in which those who then differed on the question in dispute have since united to place athletics on a more assured and satisfactory basis is very commendable. The society, as a whole, is asserting itself in this sphere more than ever before, and the policy of *laissez faire* has been abandoned, for all time to come let us hope. As soon as the storm-cloud cleared away a strong committee undertook to revise and consolidate the legislation touching athletic organizations, and with such success that its report, after being placed in printed form in the hands of all members, was accepted by the society with only slight modifications. This report defines very clearly the functions of the various executives

and of the athletic committee, and at the same time removes the possibility of any misunderstanding between the executive of any organization and the athletic committee by giving the former a share in the deliberations of the latter. Such a provision last term would have done much to prevent the trouble that arose.

Of equal, if not greater, importance is the resolution passed at the last meeting of the society regarding the status or eligibility of players. The clause making the Senate, and not the A.M.S., the court of appeal on this subject is both wise and timely. The society is not in a position to say whether in any given case a man is a *bona fide* student. Such determination is the work of the Senate, and to introduce the question into the A.M.S. must invariably cause personal feeling.

Thus the legislation of this session seems to meet pretty fully all the points involved in the misunderstanding of last fall, and next session should mark an increased interest in athletics, and a greater degree of success. That the new rules will have a fair test is assured, since N. R. Carmichael has again been appointed secretary of the Athletic Committee. No better choice could have been made, and we congratulate the A.M.S. on the rational way in which it has dealt with this perplexing problem. Finality has not been reached, but substantial progress has been made, and we predict a more widespread interest in sports next session than in any past time.

* * *

The proposition of the Senate to make the Tuesday Convocation more distinctively a Students' Day is one that will find favor with the students. It has become a rather formal affair as hitherto conducted. Besides, we doubt if

the "powers that be" very much relish convening a solemn convocation in order to hear themselves well rated in the valedictories. If it is made, as proposed, a Students' Day, under the nominal supervision of the Senate, the responsibility for order will fall more directly on the Alma Mater Society as well as the responsibility for whatever is said in the valedictories. The Executive of the A. M. S. has in hand arrangements for a programme for the day. We ought to show our appreciation of the privilege granted by making the first Convocation we have charge of the most interesting and orderly that has ever been held.

THE PRESENT PHASE OF THE PROHIBITION QUESTION.

The most interesting discussion at the last Alumni Conference was the one on the relations of Legislation and Morality. The present phase of the Prohibition question throws a flood of light on the subject, and as the discussion is to be renewed at the Conference next February, it is just as well to note how a question which began as a moral movement is becoming more and more a football for second-rate politicians, and a subject for mockery by men who have no faith in morals. The persistent demand of the official spokesmen of "Temperance" for many years has been for law, the more general and drastic the better. To license is to restrict, they argued, and therefore we demand complete restriction. To license men to manufacture or sell that which, taken in excess intoxicates, is to license vice, they argued, and therefore we demand that the importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicants as beverages be prohibited. A Bill to prohibit, the whole Bill and nothing but the Bill, that is our platform, and we cannot be satisfied with less.

Pressing this position on the Conservative administration in Ottawa, and especially on Mr. Foster, who—before becoming a politician in office—was an eloquent Prohibitionist, the sensible answer made by Sir John A. MacDonald was, "had we not better begin by inquiring into the whole question?" The answer was an emphatic negative. We do not need an official inquiry. *We* have inquired and are satisfied. *We* know that it is a sin to drink,

and therefore it must be a crime to license. *We* are quite sure, too, that the people are behind us, and that a law can be enforced, provided only that it be sufficiently inquisitorial and Draconian. But Sir John had a prejudice in favour of investigation, and as there is no means of ascertaining the truth on a vexed question so efficient as a Royal Commission, that being generally composed of the ablest and most representative men, with abundance of time given them, with the power to take evidence on oath, with all the means of the state at their back, and with the highest possible sense of responsibility to God and the country resting on them, such a Commission was appointed. It spent years on the work and presented an able report, with volumes of sworn evidence, constituting a mine of information and opinion from all sides, and from all the great centres of Canada and the States. But, from the outset, the Prohibitionists refused to be satisfied. Politicians, they told delighted audiences, were all dodgers, and Sir John was king of that serpentine tribe. The Royal Commission had reported against their views, therefore they were dishonest men. Give us Prohibition, they demanded. Nothing less will satisfy the people.

The Liberal Convention met next to prepare its platform for the general election, and the zealous Prohibitionists present asserted that the demand of the people was unequivocal and must be respected. It was answered, "had we not better begin by inquiring into this point of the general unanimity of the people?" That was assented to, and as the fairest way of ascertaining the truth, it was decided that a plebiscite should be held on that one question, apart from all side issues or the complexities of a general election. The vote was taken last year, on a fine day, after thousands of meetings held nightly on one side, and no meetings on the other side, and the result showed that 22½ per cent. of the voters were in favour of a Prohibitory law. Many thought this a stunning blow, but the official spokesmen of the movement declared it most satisfactory, gratifying, and indeed—all the circumstances considered—quite extraordinary. They figured out that as 22½ is a majority over 21½, it was also a ma-

majority of 100, and therefore they demanded law. The Premier lately replied that 22½ could not be considered a sufficient majority, and therefore that his government would not propose a law to Parliament. Ever since he has been denounced, even more violently than Sir John was. Sir John was an "old bird," and nothing better could have been expected from him! But Sir Wilfrid is young, ingenuous, and had promised that he would respect the voice of the people!

For the action taken since by the Alliance at Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa, see the daily papers. It is evident that the movement as a political force is succumbing to the fissiparous tendencies which destroy all parties based on single issues, without reference to the general conditions of society. Are we to do nothing then? zealous men ask! Take for answer the remark made by Dalton, captain of our hockey team, to the question of a Toronto man, "How is it that you get together so good a team?" "We take no man who drinks, smokes or chews," was the answer. Every man can prohibit himself, and he can urge his brother to do likewise? Appeal to reason and to conscience, rather than to the police.

Contributions.

"MY TRIP TO EUROPE."

—
EDINBURGH.

THE tourist who expects to find most of the people in Edinburgh wearing the kilts and playing the bag-pipes will remember that the city does not, by any means, lie in the heart of the country of which it is the metropolis, and that it is less representative of Scotland, as a whole, than might be expected.

Indeed, the aspect of Edinburgh is not unlike other great cities in the British Isles, only with a greater suggestion of uniform culture and refinement. True, it is not what it once was, socially or politically; it has seen better days.

Holyrood Palace, once the scene of many a merry gathering, knows nothing of its former grandeur. The Castle frowns over you from its grey height, but has been changed to a soldiers' barracks, and the crown, with many another ensign of royalty, rests within its walls, a thing for tourists to look at, and historians to dream over.

But unlike many cities one could name, that are content to rest half-way up the hill, Edin-

burgh has built a "new town," and the matchless promenade of Prince's street looks across its gardens toward the ancient town, as if to challenge the complaint that "The former days were better than these."

We cannot refrain from quoting here:

"Dun Edin! Caedonia's Queen:
Thou sittest like Empress at her sport,
And liberal, unconfin'd and free,
Flinging thy white arms to the sea,
Thou gleamest against the Western ray,
Ten thousand lines of brighter day."

When the rays of the setting sun are reflected and refracted from the many tin roofs and spires and windows, Edinburgh looks like a scene in Fairyland. A thousand scintillating jets of light form a bed of diamonds, and remind one of the "city set on a hill."

PRINCE'S STREET.

There is no street in Europe that surpasses Prince's street. London has its Piccadilly and Regent street; Paris, its Champs Elysees and Bois de Boulogne; Berlin, its Unter den Linden (under the lime trees); St. Petersburg, its Newsky Prospect and Grand Marskyai; Brussels, its Boulevard Anspach and Rue Royale, —all crowded with endless rows of carriages, and all sorts and conditions of men. But there is no other street which one would be content day by day to tread, —not for the sight of grand equipages and visions of nobles and snobs, and not for the sake of studying varieties of human faces and figure, —but for its own sake. These streets, when empty, are dull and uninteresting compared with Prince's street, which is always attractive, either from its situation, which looks across fair gardens to

"The dark cloud with umber'd bower,
That hangs o'er cliff and lake and tower,"

or from its facing the sun, or from its length, which makes it the measure of a delightful promenade.

Close your eyes now to the outer world, and we will go arm and arm for a stroll down Prince's street.

We begin at Scott's Monument, one of the handsomest monuments ever reared to genius by popular subscription. It is the most elegant structure of its kind in Scotland, or, as some partial admirer might venture to say, within the United Kingdom, the Albert Memorial not excepted.

At first view, one may easily mistake it for a church or shrine.

Its style is Gothic. In the various niches are placed statuettes of the chief characters celebrated in Waverley novels, and under the canopy sits Sir Walter himself, with his favorite dog, "Maida," at his feet. Thus like a father

among his children, the old man sits among his creations.

There is something too, in the general structure of this huge pile, ending in a pinnacle two hundred feet high, which would assure even a foreigner, who may never have heard of the great novelist, or read any of his masterpieces, that this was a genius of first rank. By a winding stair the tourist can reach the top, from which a fine view of the city is obtained.

We pass on down the street and notice the bronze statue of David Livingstone. The National Gallery or Paintings, an imposing building which gives, even to the passer-by, that suggestion of ancient Greece which reminds one of that vaunting title, "Modern Athens," which is sometimes attached to it. But we have almost forgotten that we are on Prince's street, at the fashionable hour, and that living men and women are about us. The mid-street is full of carriages, cabs and hansoms, and the pavement is crowded with an even more mingled mass of human beings. Now we meet, perhaps, several hearty looking, well-fed, well-bred men walking arm in arm,—a fashion more possible than in London,—perhaps an "advocate" who has done with his clients for the day, linked to some well-known local divine who has spent the morning in his study and come out before dinner to meet his friends and talk of doings in Kirk and State. Again—it is a pair of straight-up, stiff-collared youths not yet out of their teens. Of couples there are many—elderly merchants and their wives, young clerks and students with their sweet-hearts; perhaps a newly-married pair, here and there, marked out by their studied determination not to be noticed, who have come to Edinburgh to spend part of their honeymoon. Of laughing school-girls and hobbledehoy school-boys there are not few. We dare not speak of the dresses. The ladies are seldom gorgeous in their attire: good taste and even severe taste is the law in Edinburgh, and showiness is regarded as vulgar. But as we pass along, studying our brothers and sisters, we near the west end of Prince's street. We hear sounds of music from the Gardens opposite, and if we were to look inside them we would find just such another stream of people, wandering back and forward along the grassy walks, talking with more animation, and looking more full of soul than those we have seen, since the sound of music has, as always, drawn out Nature's kindlier and tenderer side.

At length we come towards the end of our promenade. We have had to miss much, as we have gone on, and time fails us to mark the beautiful dry-goods and jewelry stores, the handsome Edinburgh Hotel, with others scarce-

ly falling behind it, the clubs, the art galleries, and the little arcade which has in it more a suggestion than achievement.

As we end our walk we look back to see again this pleasant street, with its fine houses, its handsome hotels, its attractive stores, on the one side, and its fair gardens and monuments on the other, and we wonder what the ancient denizens of the Old Town would think of it all. Would Queen Mary think her old-time capital had become like the gay Paris which stole her heart? and would John Knox, whom, with all his ruggedness, Scotland has never failed to venerate, turn once more into restored St. Giles' to mourn perhaps somewhat over "*sleeker times*" and "*smoother men*," but most of all, make its walls ring again with brave words of truth and righteousness? and how the old "*dean*," whom Jenny Geddes so signally surprised, would find, not only in the new Cathedral of St. Mary, but even in the church of St. Giles' and elsewhere, things more to his liking.—L.

NOTES ON CHINESE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

The people of China are both physically and metaphorically our antipodes, being the very opposite of ourselves in many of their characteristics, manners, and customs. The American Presbyterian Mission considers it necessary for missionaries to spend the first two years almost wholly in the study of the language, in order to have a fair start before taking up any of the burden of active mission work. But while this will suffice to get a start in the use of the language, it is by no means sufficient to get a practical knowledge of the manners and customs, modes of thought; in short of the character of this strange people. Five years of study and observation are not too much to enable a man to present intelligently and effectually spiritual truths to a material people in their own tongue. Disastrous would be the results to our work were the gift of tongues of the day of Pentecost continued to the church. Fully as much harm as good would be done through ignorance of the character of the people.

We are fully as strange to the Chinese as they are to us. There is an immense amount of ignorance of each other on both sides. We have been asked hundreds of times if it is not true that we foreigners are one hundred years old when we are born, and that we count backward in reckoning the age, (e.g.) a person tells them that he is thirty-five years of age, they immediately reach the conclusion that he is sixty-five by their count. On first thought this may be considered a joke perpetrated upon them by some foreigner, but on closer consideration it seems more likely to be an exaggerated

illustration of the great difference between their customs and ours from their point of view. The following are a few illustrations of the very wide difference between their customs and ours. The customs enumerated while on the whole general throughout China are more particularly true of Central China.

In reading a book the Chinese reader begins at what would be the back to us and reads toward the front. Beginning at the upper right-hand corner of the page he reads downward instead of across from left hand to right. To a foreigner this new motion of the muscles of the eyes is very trying at first and results in frequent aching of eyes and head.

In recitation at school a Chinese boy turns his back instead of his face toward the teacher. This is called backing the book. It is done as loudly and rapidly as possible, while the pupil rocks himself back and forth from left to right, keeping time. Usually the other pupils are studying their lessons at the same time, and in the same way in their seats. The regulation way of reading is a sort of chant, while the women make a disgusting noise as they suck in their breath while reading.

In most parts of China quarrels seldom end in murder. Murder is usually the work of robbers. But suicide is very, very common. In the earlier years of our work doctor and evangelist alike were out at all hours to administer emetics, etc., to would-be-suicides of opium. Suicide is usually the refuge of the weaker in a quarrel. Instead of killing one's opponent a Chinese usually kills himself or herself. This is their method of revenge. It puts the other party in the wrong, and beside, the spirit of the suicide will haunt the house or person of the other party. A dead Chinaman is more powerful and more to be feared than a live one. Suicide with the Chinese is not usually "to end the heartache," but to be revenged on an oppressor or opponent. It is, if possible, committed on the opponent's doorstep, in his house or yard. His spirit will thus more assuredly haunt that house. It is the common resort of oppressed daughters-in-law.

In order to prevent such a tragical ending to a quarrel, there often steps in a peace-maker. This is a most difficult position to fill and one of great merit. One can well understand, after having witnessed a Chinese quarrel, the appropriateness of the Beatitude, "Blessed are the peace-makers." The peace-makers and his kinsman, the middleman, are two of the commonest and most useful functionaries in China. It is largely to prevent such unseemly quarrels that a middleman is employed. When a person wishes to buy a piece of land, rent a house, hire a servant, or marry a wife,

he never goes directly to the owner or person directly concerned, but always employs a go-between, or middleman, who settles all details and to whom resort can be had if there is any fault to be had and who receives a fee proportionate to the responsibility he bears.

When a Chinaman meets his friend, instead of clasping and shaking his friend's hand, he clasps and shakes his own.

His heart is directly in the centre of his breast, at least so he thinks. If it is to the one side or the other there is something wrong with him morally or physically.

The place of honor is always on the left-hand side of the host, and etiquette demands that the guest make a strong protest against taking such a seat of honor.

Honors reverts to one's ancestors instead of one's descendants, i.e., it flows up stream. These ancestors, father, grandfather, or great-grandfather, may be, usually are, long since dead, but they receive the honor nevertheless. The descendant has to work for his honors. There is, therefore, no such thing as an hereditary aristocracy in China.

A Chinese woman, when sewing, passes her needle from the cloth on her left-hand side through toward her right. Though done with the right hand it is a left-handed, backward movement.

With them the needle of the compass points toward the south instead of the north. It is called "the pointing-toward-the-south-needle." The south, therefore, is the important direction.

If asked the direction toward a certain place a Chinaman will seldom take the trouble to lift his hand and point, but will stick his lips out in the desired direction. In beckoning he turns the palm of the hand downward and bends all the fingers.

Chinese rules of etiquette enjoin that a man should keep his hat on when making a call, or receiving a caller, or when attending at worship. It is not considered a shame either that men should have long hair. It is contrary, too, to their ideas of filial piety that a man should "leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife."

W. J. DRUMMOND, '85,
Nanking, China.

Poetry.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT HAVE NOT SEEN, AND YET HAVE BELIEVED."

(From the German.)

We saw Thee not, when Thou didst tread,
O Saviour, this our sinful earth;
Nor heard Thy voice restore the dead,
And waken them to second birth;

Yet we believe that Thou *didst* come,
And quit for us Thy glorious home
We were not with the faithful few,
Who stood Thy bitter cross around;
Nor heard Thy prayer for those who slew,
Nor felt that earthquake rock the ground.
We saw no spear-wound pierce Thy side;
But we believe that Thou *hast* died.
No angel's message met our ear,
On that first glorious Easter-day;
"The Lord is risen. He is not here."
"Come see the place where Jesus lay."
But we believe that Thou *didst* quell
The banded powers of death and hell,
We saw Thee not return on high;
And now, our longing sight to bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Shines down upon our wilderness;
But we believe that Thou *art* there,
And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

EASTER DAY.

(Clough.)

So in the sinful streets, abstracted and alone,
I with my secret self held communing of my own.
So in the southern city spake the tongue
Of one that somewhat overwildly sung,
But in a later hour I sat and heard
Another voice that spake—another graver word.
Weep not, it bade, whatever hath been said,
Though He be dead, He is not dead:
In the true creed
He is yet risen indeed;
Christ is yet risen.
Weep not beside His tomb,
Ye women unto whom
He was great comfort, and yet great grief;
Nor ye, ye faithful few that went with Him to roam,
Seek sadly what for Him ye left, go hopeless to your
home;
Nor ye despair, ye sharers yet to be of their belief;
Though He be dead, He is not dead,
Nor gone, though fled
Nor lost, though vanished,
Though He returns not, though
He lies and moulders low;
In the true creed
He is yet risen indeed;
Christ is yet risen.

Sit if ye will, sit down upon the ground,
Yet not to weep and wail, but calmly look around.
What'er befell,
Earth is not hell;
Now, too, as when it first began,
Life is yet life, and man is man,
For all that breathe beneath the heaven's high cope,
Joy with grief mixes, with despondence hope.
Hope conquers cowardice, joy grief;
Or, at least, faith unbelief.
Though dead, not dead;
Not gone, though fled;
Not lost, though vanished.
In the great gospel and true creed,
He is yet risen indeed;
Christ is yet risen.

TO C. C., THE CARRION CROW.

"Alieno lumine qui nitet nigrescit."

Out on you, out on you, Carrion-Crow!
You're but an impotent, blustering foe,
And little reck we for the coarse words you throw!

Your jibings so vulgar and ill-mannered chaff
Can do little more than just cause us to laugh.
We were not all of us made without eyes,
And easily see through your shallow disguise;
For you are a patched-up, ephemeral bird;
Those cawings you utter have often been heard,
And now have a borrowed, last century tone.
E'en the feathers you flaunt in are none of your own,
For each of those plumes that your plain coat adorn,
From the wings of a far nobler bird have been torn!
The song that he sang 'mid the wild Scottish hills
As blithely to-day in each true bosom thrills;
But the plagiarist bird that would mimic his lay,
Can only chase all its real music away.
And so, for that great singer's sake, we would pray
That you will not borrow his noble refrain,
But will tune your harsh notes to some homelier strain.

Our verses, you tell us, are trashy and tame;—
Well, "trash" is indeed no unsuitable name,
And yet every word as our own we can claim,
And if crowish intellects were not so dull,
Some deep truth perhaps from our song you might cull
Some moral eternal, that, how'er expressed,
Still strove to teach kindness, and love for the best.

So shake from your pinions that stolen array;
Let us see what you are by the clear light of day!
And if there is aught of true music or sense
Half chok'd in that deluge of fierce impotence,
Sing on. We will hear while you varble it out,
Though our ears will be painfully jangled, no doubt.

—CORNU COPIA.

THE "NINETY-NINE."

Out of the harbour sweeps our ship,
Leaving behind the crowded pier;
The parting word hangs on each lip,
In each eye gleams the farewell tear;
Forth from our mast-head flutters the sign,
"Behold the good ship, Ninety-Nine!"
"A prosperous voyage to you!" they cry,
"May a friendly breeze, a smiling sky
And a peaceful sea be thine!"
Yes, they are loath to see us part,
For there is a love in every heart
For the crew of the Ninety-Nine.
"Should you be seized in the tempest's grip,
Meet it with dauntless hearts!" they say.
"And if, while green waves bury the ship,
One of your crew should be snatched away,
Oh, leave him not to sink or swim,
But man the boats and search for him,
And drag him back to his ship again,
Else will your voyage be spent in vain!"
There stands our captain by the wheel,
A lofty brow, a heart of steel,
And a trumpet voice has he,
That will peal his orders far and wide,
Though billows should roar, and loud winds chide
In battle with the sea.
There's our Cassandra, Prophetess!
She tells of hope and glory now,
How future years must bring success,
And some bright laurel for each brow.
A prosperous course she prophesies,
O'er tranquil seas, 'neath cloudless skies.

And there is Sappho! Heaven bless
Our thrice-gifted poetess!
Violet-crowned and sweetly smiling,
Still melodious verse compiling.

All her shipmates' glory sings,
Paints us masters of great things;
Crowns us each with virtues many,
Even though we have not any!
Some of us may miss success,
Perish in life's troubled sea;
Fear not thou, our poetess,
Naught but good can chance to thee!

See on the prow our orator stands,
Waving abroad his passionate hands,
He thunders his words in our tingling ears;
Wild are his gestures, frantic his mien,
And, be it from merriment or real tears,
Not a dry eye in the crowd is seen!

But now the last farewell is said,
Out to sea our ship has sped;
Those glad days are forever gone,
Yet days as happy beckon us on.

Then, to your voyage, my gallant crew!
Leave the loved faces behind,
Turn to the duties that wait for you
With a stern and resolute mind.

Off turn the clouds drift dark and drear,
And the battling billows roar;
Strive bravely on till the sky grows clear,
And the tempest is hushed once more.

When the voyage is done, and the prize is won,
May the glory of Heaven shine
Where the green grass waves o'er the hallowed
graves
Of the crew of the Ninety-Nine!

A. T.

University News.

ATHLETICS.

THE report of the Athletic Committee, as submitted to the Alma Mater, showed the receipts during the past year to be \$1,828, and a balance on hand of twenty-one cents. It will take about \$100 to clear off the loan from the A.M.S. and pay off some outstanding debts. This session the Senate Athletic Fund was drawn upon very heavily, this being accounted for chiefly through the making of the tennis courts. Football cost \$119.26 more than the receipts, which amounted to only \$313.10. Instead of giving a substantial balance as expected, Hockey turned out \$53.77 on the wrong side.

These suggestions were made by the retiring Committee:—(1) That a partition be erected in the basement of the gymnasium; (2) That the advisability of making an open rink on the grounds be considered; (3) That men be immediately selected to take part in the McGill-Varsity athletic contest at Montreal next fall, so that they may train during the summer; (4) That the track around the campus be put in good condition before next session commences, and that hurdles be erected.

The Kingston Cricket Club have applied for the use of the upper campus, the tennis courts

and the gymnasium during the summer months, and offer \$25 for the use of the same. The new Athletic Committee will consider the matter.

The new Athletic Committee, appointed by the A.M.S. on March 18th, is composed as follows:—N. R. Carmichael, M.A., Secretary-Treasurer; J. F. Millar, H. Laidlaw, R. H. Mackerras, F. Rielly, Arts; J. Wallace, M.A., Divinity; D. M. Solandt, F. F. Carr-Harris, Medicine; J. D. Craig, B.A., Science.

TENNIS CLUB.

These are the officers of this club for the ensuing year:—President, A. R. Williamson, M.A.; Vice-President, J. M. Stanton; Sec'y-Treasurer, J. F. Sparks; Committee, G. A. McGaughey, O. A. Scott, J. W. Merrill.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB.

The officers of the club are:—President, Geo. Edmison, B.A.; Vice-President, M. Ferguson; Sec'y-Treasurer, M. B. Baker; Captain, J. F. Millar; Committee, A. D. McIntyre, G. Dolan, P. Preston.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of the Alma Mater Society was held on Saturday, March 25th. The JOURNAL staff for the coming year was moved in. G. H. Williamson presented the financial statement of the Athletic Committee.

A resolution was passed defining the eligibility of players on Queen's athletic teams, and was substantially as follows:

That no person shall be eligible to represent the University in any athletic contest, or to enjoy any athletic privileges of this Society,

(a) Who is not a *bona fide* registered student regularly in attendance at classes of some faculty of the University.

(b) Who is not a tutor or demonstrator giving a regular course of lectures in some faculty of the University.

(c) Who is a graduate of more than one year's standing.

(d) That the decision of the Senate shall be final.

The annual election of officers for the Association Football Club and the Tennis Club was held.

THE GYMNASIUM AND PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

A gymnasium is not intended for games, but for systematic development of the physical side of man. An instructor is needed for this, however, and we have not had one for a year or two. We are to be more fortunate next session. The amateur strong man of the world, G. Alton

Harriss, who graduates at Queen's in medicine this year, intends to return next October to take a post-graduate course, and he has generously offered his services as instructor. The offer has been accepted with thanks, and he has been asked to procure suitable equipment for his classes during the ensuing summer. Queen's will thus have next session the best instructor in Canada.

The JOURNAL staff for next session is thus composed :—

Editor-in-chief—W. W. McLaren.
 Managing Editor—A. W. Poole.
 Editor for Arts—George A. Mackinnon.
 Editor for Divinity—J. Anthony.
 Editors for the Ladies—Misses Norval Macdonald and C. DeLa Mather.
 Editor for Science—J. C. Murray.
 Editor for Medicine—H. B. Munro, B.A.
 Business Manager—L. M. Macdonnell.
 Assistant Business Manager—J. J. Harpell.

Arts Department.

"HALF" '99.

OUR College course is nearly over ; our last work almost perfectly prepared. We lay aside our books and fall into a fitful reverie, in which we take a review of our four sessions at Queen's and what they have done for us. We came hither with eyes agape, fresh from the country, wondering what there was in English, Greek or Latin that would require us to spend four years in acquiring. We threw ourselves into the work, and now as we stand on the threshold of the University ready to take our departure with the degree of M.A. as good as in our hands, we feel that we have realized our quondam ambition. The medal for which we have toiled so unceasingly, for which we have worked night and day, summer and winter, for four long years, is almost within our grasp, almost, but as we eagerly stretch forth our hands to grasp it, it ever recedes as did the pears and pomegranates from Tantalus of old when he attempted to clutch them, or the water by which he stood when he attempted to drink. Ever it beckons us on, and ever seems as far away, though one of us will have reached it by Convocation day. Whom the gods will favour we have yet to see.

With what supreme contempt we look upon those rivals of our freshman days who ran us so hard a race, yet who long ago have fallen by the wayside and drifted into College politics and society and laziness. They are far behind in the race, and will be satisfied with a stand, mediocre as compared with ours. We wonder what they think, whether a pang of regret ever

flashes through their minds at the course they have taken, whether they envy us the proud place we occupy. They have had their innings, now we have ours. They have attended the meetings of the Alma Mater and other College societies; they have kept themselves fully conversant with sports and other aspects of our College life; they have met and known their fellow-students; all these things we have not done; and against the advantages accruing from them we place the higher degree of scholarship we have attained.

After, all we go out into the world with a sense of what we have lost, though to them we would not admit it, and in our inmost consciousness we feel that both have made a mistake. Neither we nor they have achieved an ideal worthy of a student of Queen's.

Four years of monotonous grinding, broken only by our walks to the class-room and the few moments we snatched for meals, we have lived in another age, and now wake up to find that the world in which we are is almost insensible of our existence. Still we must press on and forget the joys of the present.

"Leave now for dogs and apes,
 Man has forever."

We stand on the threshold ready to depart from our Alma Mater ; in one place only will we be missed, the top of the examination lists. Our fellow-students do not know us nor we them, but we are content to have

"Settled ote's business
 And properly based oun,"

And long after our classmates have been forgotten we will be remembered by the professors as men who had a purpose and who did something towards attaining it.

"OTHER HALF" '99.

Examinations are bearing down upon us at a uniformly accelerated rate, leaving us little time for reflection. We do our thinking now in French or Latin, Hebrew or German, as the case may be, and pay little attention to the frivolities of life. And the progress which we make with our work astonishes even ourselves, and in the few odd moments which we snatch to dream, we consider what we could have done, if we had only worked. Ah! the saddest words of tongue or pen;—there is no use in reflecting about it now. We must concentrate our energies, strain every nerve from this time forth or, when the lists are published our names will not be enrolled among the successful ones. We scarcely take time to envy our successful classmates who have been working steadily during the whole four years of their course, or to wonder what it feels like not to have six months' work to do one month before the exami-

nations, and as we determinedly turn out in the morning after three or four hours' rest we make a grim resolve that "next year it will not be so," that we will come back and enter medicine or theology and work from the beginning of the session, and show the world what stuff we are made of; we will prove ourselves men of talent and compel the community at large, our fellow students, our professors, yes, even the Principal, to respect and admire our intellectual strength. But the vision of future greatness dissolves into air as rapidly as it came and with a rueful memory of many such resolves in the past we are forced to admit to ourselves that this resolve, sublime as it may seem, will go on in the same desultory fashion as before. And so instead of attempting to lay plans for the inscrutable future, we turn to the present and begin our gerund-grinding afresh.

Our history has been but the history of many other students in this University and in other Universities in every age and clime; and it will be repeated as long as the world shall last by at least one-half of all the students of all coming ages. Yet this fact gives little consolation as we try to retrieve neglected opportunities and "make the most of time."

And now, to those for whom it is not yet too late, we would take the liberty of saying:—"Neglect not the golden opportunities which lie before you and which you will never have again. Be not carried away by ephemeral pleasures as the purposeless butterfly, but form some high purpose and stick to it. If you do not do this the shadow of neglected opportunities will haunt you all through life an ever constant reminder of 'what might have been' but is not."

Having given these admonitions so gratuitously we feel a sense of relief, and turn again to our work with an exhilaration we have not had for some time, and though the hour is far past mid-night, our zeal will not permit us to retire. Our thirst for knowledge has become insatiable, or our thirst for a degree, and drives us on mercilessly until through sheer exhaustion we at length retire, looking forward eagerly to the morrow when to-day's experiences will be repeated.

NOTES.

The new Calendar for 1899-1900 has been issued. So far as we have seen there have been no changes in the curriculum. The only change of any importance which will be of vital interest to students in Arts is the doubling of the examination fees. This brings the cost of writing in honor examinations up to eight dollars, a very considerable sum for the ordinary student at this time of the year. It seems

as though every year new schemes for mulcting the students are being devised, and the question we would ask is, when will the limit be reached?

Fred Mohr, of '99, who was one of our star footballmen last year, has come to the conclusion that the free and easy life of the West is preferable to College class-rooms and dingy offices. And so our old "Fred," who entered with the senior class and stayed with us for three sessions, has bought an extensive ranch a short distance out of Medicine Hat (only 75 miles) and in a few days will leave Arnprior to take up his new quarters. We trust that no white hunter of the West will mistake him for a Choctaw chief and attempt to scalp him; should such occur woe betide the white man. "Fred" bade us good-bye for three years, but he will be seen in Kingston long ere that or we are much mistaken. Success to him!

Prof. Shortt lectured in Picton on Friday, March 24th, before the Prince Edward Teachers' Association, on "Primitive Society."

Professors Cappon and Shortt are to address the Provincial Teachers' Association in Toronto next week.

The Sophomore year is the wonder of the College. The secretary of last session took unto himself a wife during the summer and did not return to College last fall. To prevent the present secretary following such an example, the members decided that unless the unanimous consent of the year was received towards such an action it must not take place. The secretary received the full consent of the fair sex of the class, for one young lady moved that he be allowed to walk through the thorns if he so desired. The motion was unanimously carried.

The following notice appeared on Wednesday, the 27th, on the door of the Physics classroom:—"A very instructive lecture was delivered this morning to women only by the Professor of Physics."

Inquiring students may be minded to ask why the male portion of the class was locked out by the Professor. And what he could have had of such sectional interest that he did not wish the attendance of the boys.

YEAR REPORTS.

'99.

The class group of the senior year will be completed by April 15th. An innovation has been made this year in the form, which seems to be an improvement and has at least the advantage of novelty here. The members of the

class will have the option of taking either a photograph of the whole class or an album composed of several groups. The work is being done by Snider, and so far is very satisfactory. There will be about eighty in the group and the members of the class are confident that the smallness in number is more than made up by the greatness in intellectual strength.

—
'00.

A regular meeting of the Junior Year was held on Thursday, March 16th. After the business had been transacted the following programme was rendered:

Mr. Russell, the historian, reviewed the history of the year 1900, from its beginning up to the present time. Impromptu speech by Mr. Peacock; song by A. MacIntosh; speeches by Messrs. Dickson and Hagar. A very able criticism was then given by Miss Shibley.

—
'01.

The regular meeting of the sophomore year was held on Wednesday, March 22. Some business was done, after which Miss Tracy gave a reading, and the historian, Mr. Caldwell, his report. It was the last meeting for this term and we were loth to part. However, after singing "Auld Lang Syne" and "The Old Ontario Strand" we managed to break away and are now beginning to "plug" for exams.

—
'02.

The regular meeting of '02 was held on Monday, March 13th. The historian gave her report. The Society was then favored with a solo from J. S. Macdonnell. The orator delivered his oration, after which Professor Nicholson, Honorary President, gave a very interesting and instructive address.

A special meeting was held on Wednesday, March 15th, to consider matters arising out of the business of last regular meeting. It is regretted by the members that they did not know of the intention of their two Sophomore brothers to visit them on this occasion. If they had known beforehand they might have provided themselves with all-day suckers with which to properly entertain these two gentlemen.

—
Y. N. C. A.

G. R. Lowe led the meeting of the 17th March on the subject of the "Atonement." He pointed out that to know God is to love Him, and that love must be made manifest in our everyday acts. The Master's idea was to redeem us

from all unlawfulness and reconcile us to Himself.

The meeting of March 24th was led by J. R. Frizzell, who gave an interesting address on "Religion in Daily Life." He pointed out that if a man's life is to be of the highest kind, his religion must be practical and must bear the impress of Christ. At the close of the regular meeting Mr. H. W. Hicks, travelling Secretary of the International Committee, addressed the meeting for a few minutes on behalf of the annual Conference of College Y.M.C.A.'s, to be held at Northfield, Mass., from June 30th to July 9th next.

—
Q.U.T.A.

At the last regular meeting of the Missionary Association the following new members were received: Messrs. Leitch, McLennan, A. W. McIntosh, Connelly, D. McDonald and J. Ferguson.

T. Fraser reported on behalf of the Foreign Mission Committee that more than enough had been subscribed by the Students and Faculty to wipe out the deficit on the salary of Rev. Dr. Smith.

After the regular meeting, the Annual Meeting of the Association was held. The work of the past year was reviewed, and recommendations regarding the future work of the Associations were made in a communication from President R. Burton, who was unable to attend through illness, and also by Vice-President W. M. Kanawin. The Treasurer's report showed the receipts to be \$1,456.36, and the expenditure \$1,450.15, with a deficit of \$62.30.

A committee was appointed to see if it were not possible to have the money received by the Association from congregations, acknowledged by the General Assembly as contributions to the Home Mission Scheme of the church.

The following officers were elected: President, C. A. Ferguson, B.A.; Vice-President, W. A. McIlroy, B.A.; Treasurer, J. D. Byrnes, B.A.; Recording Secretary, J. Wallace, M.A.; Corresponding Secretary, W. McDonald, B.A.; Librarian, J. Caldwell. COMMITTEE—Divinity: T. Fraser, W. A. McIntosh; Arts: W. J. McQuarrie, C. E. Kidd.

The Association is supplying eight fields this summer.

Ladies' Column.

THE year is almost over now; before our Convocation number appears we all will be scattered, and for five long months to see each other no more. It gives one an undesirable feeling of loneliness to think of the parting, not to be smothered even by the knowledge that

we are going home ; for after all the friends we make up here are very dear,—and five months is a long time. But it is not of that that we wish to speak. Sentiment, at least expression of sentiment, is always cheap, and we can scarcely expect any one in the hurry and pressure of exams. to pause and read over stuff of that sort.

What we really want to do is to take a general view of this last college-year as it has seemed to the girls. This appears the more necessary that our Levana meetings have been rather slimly attended, and many even of the girls may be in ignorance of what has been done. The year has, we think, been a critical one in our history, because of our largely increased numbers ; many questions have come up for settlement which never troubled us before ; some, we hope, are closed finally, but some are likely to remain open yet, till time shall show which has the right. Whether what has been done this year has been done wisely or not, we cannot tell ; that too must wait for time to show, but at least we know that there has been an honest wish to do right.

First and most important of all we must place the failure of our Levana Society to gain members, and this has been an evil very hard to meet. What we could do, we have done, but one cannot bring girls in by main force, and milder means seemed to avail little. We made our programmes as interesting as we could, and the ones we particularly wished to reach were not there to hear them. We do not wish to be understood as blaming anyone too severely ; the trouble has been mainly a result of our changed conditions, and even our senior girls who refused to come, would we know, allege that they have been working hard for their degrees, and have left the Society for which they had done their share in past years, to the less busy freshmen and sophomores. No, we will not blame anyone, but we want them to see this is really an evil. There is no need of repeating arguments, but we must enter a plea for next year. This year's large freshman class will be naturalized then, and we hope great things from them.

On the other hand there have been those who instead of refusing to seize the privileges offered them have been inclined to push them a little too far, and so we have heard of attempts to have the court opened to the ladies, to have them take equal rank in Alma Mater with the male students, etc. Once more, it is the consciousness of our numbers, and the feeling which is forced on us that we form a by no means despicable fraction of the students in Arts that has urged some of us on. To such extremes as these the great majority of us have been wise enough not to wish to go, but recognition of our

new status has taken a form that is pleasing to every one of us. In the JOURNAL of Dec. 24th, a suggestion was made in the Editorial Column to give up the present Divinity Hall to be a ladies' reading room. At the time the Ladies' Column was silent about the scheme, principally, we fancy, because we girls did not wish to seem to be "wanting the earth." But now, we think it only right to say how very much such action would mean to us. Our magazines and dailies lie in picturesque confusion on the long table in the Levana room. It is simply impossible to keep them neat and in good condition. Our reading room will probably long remain in the list of "hoped-fors" but this year has seen at least the rise of the idea, and it is sure to come some day, even if not till we get our new building.

Small as our Levana has been, it has by no means been a "lethargy" as some of our friends have said. The few of us that have banded together have done a great deal, and oddly enough our funds have been larger than usual. We have been able to invest in gas-stove, tea-kettles, boilers, etc., etc., until we fairly long for an opportunity to give afternoon teas. Everything is in the best of order for next year.

The only advice we can give our girls for all time to come is just stand or fall *with the girls* ; let not your duty to the Modern Language Society, or to your own year, or to any other society stand between you and the organizations of the girls ; for it is only as all keep together that they can take the place in college life that they ought to take, and gain the respect that is their due.

POST MORTEM.

Divinity Hall.

IT was the parable of the sower, and the professor's exposition was luminous, and such that the class would say "amen" to it. He closed with a light touch on a hard problem in these words : "The different soils are different because of physical necessity, but man can determine what his attitude to the truth shall be, and therein lies his responsibility." And the well-known passage has its application to Divinity Students which may be somewhat as follows :—

There is a possibility of entering the ministry or of continuing a theological course, because it is a ready mart for certain abilities. There is much public respect paid to the cloth, even in these latter days. There is a fairly assured prospect of a living ; there is opportunity of gaining popularity and a sort of fame, and in it one may find compliance with the wishes of friends, who think it the best profession for a

good boy. So the mind may be so trodden by these cheap foot-falls that the Word can find no seed-bed.

There is such a thing, too, as a seemingly noble enthusiasm for truth, in which it appears that the sacred ministry is the calling through which one can hope to make reason and the will of God most speedily prevail. The young convert must preach. But does he count the cost? Or contrariwise, is he carried away by an impulse of goodness, or misled by the will o' the wisp of a new idea, not considering "whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand." Is this not a specimen of the *K. & P.* soil, to borrow the professor's illustration?

In another case, there may be a degree of appreciation of right, but only as subordinate to self. True teaching is received but without purity of motive. The desires of the heart become stronger in such a life than "The love of Love." "The manse, the fee, the fair ladie" loom up too clearly. Honours, position, comfort come to count for more than souls. Such a ministry must choke with thorns.

There is another soil—the honest and good heart, who loves his fellowmen and would serve them. The Father's company dispels the loneliness of his mind. The Master-mind spiritualizes his character. This means independence and some measure of originality, the bringing forth of manifold fruit.

The strange feature is that all these kinds of soil may be found in one person. It is his good soil that he should cultivate. Burns was not so wide of the mark when he wrote: "I do not think that avarice of the good things that we chance to have is born with us; but we are placed here amid so much nakedness and hunger, and poverty and want, that we are under a cursed necessity of studying selfishness, in order that we may *exist*! Still there are, in every age, a few souls that all the wants and woes of life cannot debase into selfishness, or even the necessary alloy of caution and prudence. If ever I am in danger of vanity, it is when I contemplate myself on this side of my disposition and character. God knows I am no saint; I have a whole host of follies and sins to answer for, but if I could, and I believe I do it as far as I can, I would wipe away all tears from all eyes." The only good soil is the loving heart.

Science Hall.

A MASS meeting of Science students was held on Friday afternoon, 10th inst., for the purpose of discussing a bill before the Ontario House, entitled "a Bill respecting Civil Engineers," and which has for its object the

restriction of civil engineers, and in fact all kind of engineers, for the benefit of a few who are trying to push the bill through. The meeting was addressed by several who have had experience outside of College, and it was clearly shown that the bill was very injurious to the prospects of the coming engineers. The meeting then resolved itself into a meeting of the Engineering Society, Vice-President Stevens being in the chair, and a resolution was unanimously adopted strongly denouncing the bill and setting forth the objections to it. Copies of this resolution were sent to the Attorney-General and to Hon. William Harty. A memorandum of the Society's action and resolution was also sent to the *Globe*.

Later.—The bill was killed.

One of the Professors lately hinted at having a class on Good Friday. There was great consternation among the members of the class, as they claimed it was against their religious principles to work on that day.

Medical College.

NOTES.

SPRING has come, or at least is supposed to be here, for its presence is more apparent subjectively than objectively to the medical student. The stormy weather is an aid to study, as it keeps at his desk the man looking for an excuse to quit work.

By the time this issue is in the hands of the students, the large proportion of our "writtens" will be over, and then we have nothing but "orals."

At a meeting of the final year, recently, a request was sent to the faculty for a ruling on the necessity for an oral in Senior Practice, as the impression was very general among the boys that most of the Faculty considered the examination in Clinical Medicine an oral in "Practice." It is rumored, however, that the members of the Faculty who thus thought, were not present at the meeting, or had not their "thinkers" with them, hence the noble '99's will follow in the path of '98, a path which for some years prior to '98 was unmarked by medical feet. Some of the fellows wish they had command of the "choice epithets" so abundant in a local newspaper office, that they might tell the Faculty how much they had "done for them;" how many dollars they had uncompensatingly "subscribed" to their College, and then to be treated thus! It just shows how ungrateful some men are for "financial assistance." Hey! Hip!

Mr. E. C. Watson, M.A., succeeded in win-

ning the prize for the highest aggregate in five monthly examinations on Obstetrics and Gynaecology, receiving 475 marks out of a possible 500. The prize was presented by Dr. Garrett, the Professor in the Chair, who took advantage of the occasion to compliment the class upon the general excellence of their work, remarking that he had noted with pleasure their steady advance in excellence.

"The wart" is reported to be full of "great possibilities."

Medical Convocation will be over before another issue, and then we'll "know more."

Surely some plan could be devised whereby dignified seniors at least would not be compelled to travel around to the homes of the different Professors to be "certified!"

One chap was looking so pale and tremulous that the "maid" on the first glance went to the telephone and said: "Central?" "Hello!" "Hello! Give me Reid's ambulance." "Hello, Reid, send the ambulance at once to Dr. —'s." Tableua!

We are informed that the Faculty has a good programme for the 7th inst.

"What has happened. Kingston's 'Little Geyser,' said an Arts man to another. "Oh, he is just beginning to realize that our editor-in-chief made him look like a guy, sir."

Dr. M. Sullivan's clinics at the Hotel Dieu were much appreciated by the class, and they are indebted to him for many valuable hints not found in our literature.

After one of the Hotel Dieu clinics aforesaid, the genial Senator, noticing the boys hanging around, said "Well, that is all I have for you to-day; you may go now."

"We intend holding a meeting about 'orals,' Doctor," replied one of the 'robins.'

"Oh! is that so? I thought you were waiting to present me with a seal coat! Good bye!"

De Nobis.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE man in the moon says:—

That they rest not night and day.

That the way of the bummer is hard.

That the Levana Society has appointed a deputation to waylay the tall fellow with black hair.

That he is afraid to come out.

That J. D. Byrnes has some egg jokes to spring.

That the plugging of the Seniors will not suffer them to sleep.

That gall cometh through a plenitude of freshness.

That a Freshman's voice is known by his premature words.

That a Degree is more to be desired than much fine gold.

That by their works will ye know them.

That the Meds. didn't do a thing to Convocation Hall.

That the ladies want to know the Divinity who wrestled with the devil.

That he will still be found in the region of *spirits*.

That Uncle John's letter was a startler.

That Hagar and Montgomery will *act* as preachers this summer.

That '99 thoroughly agree with raising the fees.

That the other students prefer the *change*.

That Geordie's lambs in Divinity Hall should also be made to suffer.

That Kingston found the pantry locked.

'98 proposed to hold a concert on the night of March 17th, but the Scotchmen in the year, who number very many, objected, and the proposition was voted down.

Lady purchaser, to J. W.-l.-c-e, who was inspecting bargains at Uglow's bookstore:—"Have you any bibles with hymns at the end of them?"

W.-l.-c-e forbears to speak.

Lady (to her friend)—"O, I guess, he is looking at the books, same as we are."

M.-n.-o—"Say, Ward, why didn't you go in for blood in that Shamrock game?"

M.-r.-il—"I'm afraid our playing would have been *in vein*."

Some of the Victor Hall fellows say that when a couple of lady students came to college they were not far from verdant, and considering matters from recent *observations* they seem freshette (fresh yet).

Jack McD.-w.-l—"Oh, let the Athletic Committee pawn the hockey cup to make up the deficit."

A. S.-c-t—"That would certainly make it a real *hawkey* cup."

And Jack wanted to fight.

Willie Angus Fraser (speaking in his own defense to the charge of visiting the widows and orphans):—"I spent last summer among the miners and know their ways, and I would just like to inform you that the young lady in question is a *minor*."

Dempster (moralizing on a gigantic mastiff barking at a sparrow on a telegraph wire)—“Now even that dog has a high ideal!”

Henderson—“Yes, but what a fool he makes of himself in trying to reach it!”

D. A. McKenzie informs us that owing to other engagements he will not be a candidate for examination before the London Musical Society this summer.

Secretary Davie Houston breathes easier now since he has the girls' consent.

E. A. Kingston (anxiously):—“Are we to be allowed three full hours for Practical Botany?”

Prof. of Botany—“I don't think it will take that long to tell all *you* know of the subject.”

Prof. of Animal Biology (telling the class to study the brain of domestic animals in the absence of the human brain)—“Now the brain of a dog or cat will answer fully as well as that of a man, and you can get them fresh from the butcher any time.” Since then no member of that class has been known to even smell sausages.

JIM WALLACE SOLILOQUIZING.

A Scantlebury book's a joy for ever,
Its cheapness is its virtue; it will never
Be of much value to me; but still will keep
Its place upon my bookshelf, from there peep
Forth, full of discount, snap and bargain
reading.

FRESHMAN'S MONOLOGUE.

I could have put collection on the plate
You passed me; how my pocket swells! No
want
Stayed me at, thought which gladdens while it
shames—

Never did need forbid me dime by dime,
To help out Chalmers Church, with all my gift.
Of checks from home on Deseronto banks,
My parents pay a weekly dividend
To cancel all Church debts for them and me;
So, wherefore I? I take religion out
By reading every Sunday afternoon,
The Gospel as 'twas writ in the original,
Tho', to be sure, I never yet have failed
To look a point in mixed construction up,
By means of which I also learn my Greek,
And hope to bring confusion unto Bruce,
When he has wrongly thought his papers hard.

THRUMS.

Thus we play the fool with time; and the
spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock
us.—*Shakespeare*.

The little that is done seems nothing when
we look forward and see how much we have yet
to do.—*Goethe*.

Some men live near to God, as my right arm
is near to me; and thus they walk about mailed
in full proof of faith.—*Blackie*.

The real science of political economy is that
which teaches nations to desire and labor for
the things that lead to life.—*Ruskin*.

Tea! thou soft, thou sober, sage and vener-
able liquid; thou female tongue-running, smile-
soothing, heart-opening, wink-tipping cordial!
—*Colley Ciber*.

Friends fall off, friends mistake us, they
change, they grow unlike us, they go away,
they die, but God is everlasting and incapable
of change, and to Him we may look with cheer-
ful, unpretentious hope, while we discharge
the duties of life.—*Charles Lamb*.

Who often reads will sometimes wish to
write.—*Crabbe*.

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